

MEXICO IS LAND OF OPPORTUNITY TO ALL

G. E. Poe Tells of the Country After 10 Years Spent in Business There.

AN INTERVENTION IS URGED

Germans Are Getting Out and the Place Needs a Strong Hand to Help It Along.

MICROSCOPES, Aug. 16.—Mexico—the land of opportunity—can never be properly developed industrially and agriculturally until some outside money steps in and clears out all the government of the epithet of "the poor," who has lost some of his Mexican life over 10 years in the southern republic.

Oil man, adventurer, gold prospector and citizen Mr. Poe is now spending his time in this country until the "land of opportunity" is again open to development by Americans.

"Germans—the two-faced Indian—should be Americans to whom their ancestors on both sides of the Atlantic are there was nothing for them to do here but wait another day in his hotel rooms. The oil fields are working like fury—all the opportunities are down there, here all a man can do is to earn enough to live on and it's pretty hard to do that in these days."

Wants to Get Back.

"I want to get back to Mexico just as soon as the country is opened up again—which may and may not mean when the new government is put in this winter—or copper and silver. These are the treasures of Mexico and none has been developed to date. It's like the world in the United States."

Mr. Poe has known Carranza for 40 years, having first met Mexican future president when he was in New Orleans school.

"Carranza was studying to be a priest when in New Orleans," he said. "But he abandoned it when he found other priests more alluring. He's a son of the church, but he's one you'd like to see Mexico gets rid of him the sooner will the country receive. He just deserts."

Many Americans in Mexico.

"There are hundreds and thousands of Americans in Mexico. They can't do much just now but they're waiting for the real time that might come some of these days. One can't estimate the wealth in Mexico that awaits development."

"Americans have big interests there, but so have French and English. Germans are selling out as fast as possible, for they fear American intervention. It was a hottest of German propaganda during the war all right, but now the Germans are getting out and it's up to the United States to step in and make a real country of Mexico—just as they did with Cuba."

"The Mexicans are not capable of developing their country themselves. The Indians rule the country and down there Indians are not the most fair rulers in the world."

"Most people seem to think that one must learn Spanish before going to Mexico, but there's no knowing Spanish wouldn't have much use for its Indian dialect is the almost universal language and one can pick it up in a few weeks. Very few people speak Spanish there."

Villa Gives Square Deal.

Mr. Poe has a speaking acquaintance with one Villa, who has been causing lots of trouble down in Mexico. "Villa is a leader, but it's a character," says Poe, "but he adds that the chief leader is not so treacherous as the president now in power. Villa gives everyone a square deal," he declared. "I don't know from where he gets his death-defying ways, for his family is of a peace-loving disposition."

No wonder that General Pershing couldn't find Villa when he was sent down to hunt out the bandit. Villa hasn't been in Mexico the past four years, but he was in Germany, America and when Pershing was hunting for him, he was hiding in an adobe hut on the American side of the Rio Grande. He's a clever outlaw and they'll have trouble in getting him."

A Film Mexican Policy is Needed

in This Country and the sooner it is adopted the sooner we'll have real neighbors to the south of us."

At present Americans have been killed in Mexico the most for years, but for the most part it's their own fault. They try to impress with the Mexican woman and they always are getting into trouble. One has to mind his own business when he goes into another man's country.

But there have been some outrages and the government here should take steps in investigating them. The whole world should change—and then will Mexico come into her own—industrially, socially and politically."

SPEAKER NAMES STRONG COMMITTEE ON BUDGET

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—With the appointment by Speaker Gillett of a thoroughly capable special committee to frame and present to that body by March 1, 1920, a measure providing for the establishment of a budget system in the government, a number of officials were recently assured that this reform, for which there is the widest popular demand, will be put into effect well within the lifetime of the present Congress. The personnel of the new budget committee, as follows: Representative Gold of Iowa, Campbell of Kansas, Middlekauff of Texas, Hawley of Oregon, Tamm of Minnesota, Brewster of Massachusetts, Burnham of Indiana, Byrnes of Tennessee, Knobell of North Carolina, Boren of Texas, Taylor of Colorado, Howard of Oklahoma.

Factually every member of the new committee has had long experience in the house and was chosen for his past service of known efficiency and worth of governmental service.

EVEN CANINES FEELING HIGH COST OF LIVING

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—Old Mastiff Cossack has stepped on the tail of the Chicago boxer. There is a serious shortage of canines.

No longer does a dog walk up and down the street claiming to be his from the stock exchanges from the family table.

"No, indeed," says old "We need all the scraps for hashish." And so the morsels are few.

About 10,000 fewer dogs and bitches were listed last year than in the preceding year. So Old Dog Texy will become an exhibit in the studio if old man High Cost keeps up his merry pace.

Sprightly Chorus Girls as You Never Get to See Them; They Have Darkened New York's Theaters by Striking



Scene in the dressing room of one of New York's theaters, showing the chorus girls "making up."

Oh, for the Life of a Chorus Girl!

A one act drama.

Time, 2 p.m. or 8 p.m. any day except Saturday.

Characters: The beauties who make up the opening chorus of any girl and music show.

Maybelle—Gertrude—Maxine Gwendolyn and all the rest of them

I look all—"My feet hurt and I am at once—"Give, kid, I'm all—"Who took my pink socks?"

For the love of Mike, somebody give me paint—"How come you got that paint, we've only got ten?"

Didja see the guy wot took—"Hurry up!"

"What'll I do—my dress is ripped?" "Where's Maxine?"

"Faster the up, will ya?" "Say, do

you ever see Mr. Third Business Man

It always takes place while you are reading your program.

and added, "Yes, I really am very beautiful."

There is no doubt that the early years of her first marriage were tragic. Ever after she was stricken to find something she had lost. I was present at her ordeal in 1906 when Colonel Atherton divorced her after the Cape Town incident.

"South Africa has ruined me," she exclaimed as she heard the decision pronounced. "Would I had never left England. Things will never be right again. People will never understand me."

"I cannot win any happiness,"

she said, and fixed her eyes on me with that steady direct gaze which her friends knew so well.

"Of course, I shall be happy?" Do you think I should choose a husband if I knew he could not make me happy?"

It was very womanly, of course, and very illusory; but that was "Manie" Atherton the whole time. She had a law for herself, and wanted everybody else to obey it. I can see her now as she turned away, a slim figure in a brilliant blue gown. I met her again surrounded by a host of young men, all half-naked, who had given up laughing, remonstrated with her for keeping these scamps from the sides of other girls. "They can go," she said with a touch of anger in her voice. "If they stay, they stay because I amuse them and make them happy. Other girls bore them. Why should they be bored?"

I Cannot Win Happiness.

March advised me to advise and the advice was taken. She was a true friend, she brought the action for breach of promise against Captain Yarde-Buller. "I will suffer so much cruelty, I will suffer a little more," she said to reply. "If I have signed, then the world shall know I did not sign lightly. As for reputation, what is that compared to happiness?" Always you see, it was that tragic craving for happiness that separated her from one indiscretion to another.

But what to my mind, is the saddest part of my friend's ill-fated story is that she never realized she committed indiscretions. In her own heart, she believed she was simply straying after something she thought was hers by right, but which con-

tinued to elude her.

It was then I began to understand the meaning of the secret of life held by unusually beautiful women. Remembe at that time "Manie" Atherton was little more than a girl. But already she had outshone other girls in her ideal of right and wrong, and of what was fair and unfair. Another occasion she said to me: "On the fact that she is married does not mean that I am married. I am not going to live every hour of this life, and I want to live every hour of this life, and I want to live every day of this life, and I want to live every day of this life."

That, indeed, was the life path of my dear friend. And for a good number of years she chased happiness very successfully. For a British girl, she matured early, and her smile was often passed as the sun that was the admiration of every woman whose eyes rested on her. Her dress was all over satin, silk, lace, and brocade. Once, when I finally advised her to stop, she said, "I never follow fashion, because I never need dressing. I am beautiful enough to need only a plain gown, no trimming, and very little jewelry. Other girls need beauty in their clothes to make them attractive."

Then she blushed:

Married, Not Married.

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ADMISSION 6 AND 15c

myself. I suppose it's my own fault. I didn't try hard enough, but I'll go on trying, or die in the end."

Poor woman! She tried, and she died! Unfortunately she tried in the wrong way. It was trying this misguided writing that resulted in the scandalized divorce suit.

That was the only time "Manie's" friends were really angry with her.

You are ruining yourself and causing your friends to be grieved with you and pain, said she. We believe in you, said another, that you ought to be more thoughtful. You owe a duty to society.

"You are utterly wrong," she retorted, turning on us with heavy breast and intelligent eyes. "Society owes me a duty to make it possible for me to be happy. As far as the rest, what does it matter? Does it offend you to see a woman in a divorce suit?"

"I am not bringing up the past," she said. "I am asking you to let me go free."

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